

14.5

Cross Shy-er

Somebody's got a case of the Mundane!



ME AND MY FEELINGS: Deep inside the biopolitical realm

\$ave \$ave \$@ve

Filler Monday

It is Thursday

FRAKHAUS

My new housemate is part Frak. Both new housemates are. I haven't been out as much in the last few months and they've bought some outside in. I have become reaccustomed to computer hovel here. Look what's come out. Now I remember fires, trees, streams and endless introductions. Attentive listening, aromatic food in saucepans for passers-by, and using your hands. But I am still laptop cretin. Hunched over voluntarily like it's a temporary posture but feeling the tightness when I try to adjust myself to a confident, relaxed walk. The hovel has gotten cosy. Books, bed, articles and that familiar dull-excited magnetism. Now this grublication, where did you come from where did you go? Where did you come from, cotton eye Joe? Click click click click *oh isn't it so cute and funny I get distracted on the internet too* SHUTUP. This is just a matter of fact that my writing may be getting somewhat more abstracted, self-depreciating and unfocused as I stay away from the public but eat up it's brain bubblegum and *think... pieces... (that some kind of pun?)*. There's also stuff apart from shows and exciting things, like strange behaviour of strangers and facebook messages. Also, I get to sift through the weightier cringe particles that float to the surface when there's not much around. How do you like the cringe, huh? Bet you like that little relatable tidbit, probably fellow internet cretin. Perhaps we could find a nicely curted diet of material while we're in here, until going out seems very appealing and our minds perceive new meaning outside of here. How looking up the Danish troll song from South Park is going to influence how I see the world is questionable, though. (Give me a) Hit... Baby one more time. On my website archive. In a gangster's paradise. I was raised online. No pride it's a fact of life. But it's not real yeah it's a lie. A cry for help, so I lifebefore I die I am not lost yet

The troll song sounds like the discordant humming of a five year-old planning on

doing something cruel to a pet. Rather my real derangement than perverse premature gloating. I have more dignity! HAA! But am I weak? Will you ever know?

UPDATE TWO

There are more tips while napping and keeping the plot alive. In edition 5 there were not enough, and it predominantly focused on anxiety. It seems necessary to write some additions to this theme. I want assurance myself on how to feel in the plot, in the loop, while napping, and making the most of anxiety. The first two short paragraphs I wrote did not feel entirely right, along with some of the last issue. I did speculate why I felt uneasy. Perhaps it also felt uneasy to simply speculate about possible inaccuracy, overindulgence of a theme and such, while resting it on the audience to share in my anxiety about my work and point out the flaws for me. Nobody is more qualified to explore the source of uncertainty in the text than myself. I may be out of my depth in a subject or not of the right social position and optimal maturity of mood, but the anxiety is mine. Mine to exploit. Mine to put in context. It isn't for others to look at and smear the rest of my work with or make excuses for like I'm a special subject. It's unusual for somebody to mention self-doubt about what they are writing and doing despite the commonness of talking *about* anxiety or anxiety disorder. Right now I am not really anxious. I'm writing and feeling pleased about it, which is hard to do if you are truly worried. For all I know, this might be an ordinary level of anxiety.

Something I did notice was some hypocrisy on my part. There is depressing poverty porn with smatterings of poorly-contextualised, weak parodies of the 'weak masses' (eg. "...there is nothing to do but anaesthetise and enjoy life, now, perhaps"), highly serious matters alongside fidgety distractions, and overall, a remedial lesson in 20th century class relations and consumerism. That side of history is very important. But is it for my cool zine to tell?

UPDATE ON UPDATE 2

I actually went back and wrote some more things

on that article. So some of this may still apply, and some of it might not. I haven't even released that edition and I have been working on this one and have enough content to fill it up. It's a bit of a bother. Do I want to be scrupulous, or do I not? Am I lying by labelling that last one number 14, if I really wrote some of the things after I wrote number 15? No, of course not. I could write number 100 if I wanted to. But that would be a lie in the sense that it would indicate it is the hundredth one in a series - well, it could be, and the other ones could just be pending. It would seem a little dishonest, though. Would you write a novel with chapter 100, page 4093 on a book that is 300 pages long? No? Why do the numbers have to be indicative of these arbitrarily isolated sets of articles with pictures on the front? Why don't I decide that henceforth, the unit of measurement of zines will be, say - let's check how many words are here - 2316 words. That = one zine. Or should I say, zeen, to differentiate with the non-mathematical term, *zine*. Now, students, if I have ONE zine, how many words is it? 2316. Good. So, how many zines do I have if I have 9478 words? Ignore the page numbers, ignore the title pages. Be logical. Alright - wait.

Actually, it is also rather arbitrary that words should form the unit of measurement and not letters. Letters all look different, so that is also arbitrary. It would seem more logical and impartial to define the unit of measurement as the area space taken up by the letters. Argh, damn it. Let's just say it's the page numbers. No, no. All the numbers are an index. But why pollute the language of mathematics by appropriating their symbols and terms in service of such *messy* quantifications? One and two and three and four are all an exact distance apart from each other. They are not 400 things apart in one instance, then 4869. That is an abuse of mathematics. Unless the 4869 things constitute 4869/400. But why, why? There is, of course, an unquantifiable (so far, in this stage of progress) emotional or mental discernment sorting out the numbers. Is that good enough? A fleeting, arbitrary numeric indication when the truth is at stake? Our scientific integrity? If only there was a better language. Perhaps it is the English language's fault. I know that numbers are used to indicate the order of something so non-numerical, like, say, your children. If you require five

sandwiches, you can tell the sandwich-giver that you have five children. Suppose that one child is less of a child, one child is more than a baby, and besides those categorisations, they are all necessarily different, anyhow. You refer to your children as numbers? What kind of civilisation is this? These zines are not zeens, they are not numbers, they are my little, distinctly unique creations. Which comes first or later, and the importance of such an order in the first place, can be determined by your engagement with the real object and subject at hand. Do you number your friends too? Friend 46? I suppose social media does it for you. Anyhow, you don't speak of your friends in that way. All your little brains can't numerically qua

RICS REVIEW SCABBED FROM MESSENGER EXERPTS

09/07/2017 the show was good, classic ric's with new people, pious faults were excellent, all the other bands were good [Bin Licker, Piss Pain, Benzo Bitch Boys, Cold Fish, Gino's Front], interesting mix of triple j millennials and then us i probably would've found that interesting you should've come

no it was fine [not cold]
bands were over by 11:30 and everyone started
getting into [censored] so i got outta there before
the fun started

didn't have a lot of money to stay out otherwise i
would have, made sure i got the last bus home

bands were real good though, the bar/stage has
changed very little so it was classic ric's

it was good punk
sound guy kept yelling during every band to turn
it down

it was id scanners instead [of eye scanners] but i
got there early enough where they weren't using
them so i just walked in but i saw the line later
and they scanned your id then took your photo on
the spot to make sure it matched your id

i was sitting at a table near to it for a bit and it
was funny watching the id scan the photo the 18
year old kid then take the photo of the same kid

but he's older and wasted then they'd analyse it side by side

before n after gold

they didn't scan me though i was able to slip in and out [PUNK IS NOT DEAD IN BRISBANE]

\$7.80 for a beer
couldn't hang around at that price

yeah

i spent \$10 on a trout
that was great though i'm still thinkin bout that trout
yeah, it was a pretty good meal
apart from the bones
when my tax return comes in i'll get another trout
i'll get all the trouts
trouts 4eva

ntify each part of them that's relevant to whatever decision you may be making. Don't even try. Take numbers and number-like words out of it. They can be quite traumatic, actually, or mania-inducing. Just, de-stabilising, pretentiously sharp. Such as, wife 1, wife 2, wife 3 and not Barbara, Jessie, and Philomena. Or, \$80 in the bank and not, a tray of bread and sausages, a towel, and sunshine. Humans were not ready for numbers. They never learned how to use them properly except in the case of building and some applications of science. Numbers stand in for objects and subjects. They look clean. They are not fair, though. They want to be fair, as they tell sizeable numbers of linguistically gifted, nuanced, perceptive school students, but they cannot stand being appropriated in the obfuscation of the better truth. They feel much too guilty to infiltrate, in some cases. This writing is a bit pretentious, because numbers are understood by many good people. Numbers helped me write because I am more conscious of the proportions of real-life, human and objective phenomena I am regarding, than I would otherwise be if I had not learned maths, I imagine (though, that is just me). There are many number-like words with very shifty, nonsense indications of order with no grounding in objective things. Then there are words which are at least honest about being number-like and make an attempt to approach the purity of numbers in not being

entirely satisfying, such as 'comrade', or a beaurocratic sub-category of humans rigorously identified for honest, precise help. They are a step to when each human has its own precise name. They may be. They are perhaps an appropriation of the more evil numbers. Numbers are for when you escape your capacity to act with animal intelligence. You might escape this much too prematurely and not have any raw, experimental material to extrapolate from to use numbers and number-like words with discernment. Don't get greedy. You feel numbers already. You're forced into the newer, sharper ones and more of them than you'll ever need in a simple existence where artistic proportion would do. How many piles of sticks for the thatched roof? You mean, how much? Look at it. Well, I suppose some people are hopeless at intuitively judging proportions. Some people have no depth perception or short term memory or capacity to understand scale, but can understand instructions with numbers just fine. Numbers are a prosthesis. Numbers are also a social prosthesis. They have been used as a prosthesis for the excessively powerful, and have been taken back by the social work inclined. Come on, reel it in! Stop wielding your magic! Level it out a bit. Unfortunately, this is a clumsy second language for many of these people. They fall for number-like words, often, or give up because it's all absurd, anyhow. One, two, three? Three hundred dollar-doos! For 3 zeens! Ha ha! You don't fucking get it? You iiidiott. Numbers n' words numb numb numbers n' WOOORrrrrddds. "\$500 000 000!" a visitor shouted (or some other arbitrary-seeming number) down the hall. I could hear from my locked door. Scary, hey? Ran up and down, scattered little objects around, turned the little fan in in winter. "Nothing to die for!" he said, something along those lines. What else did he say? Something about being lied to? It all quietened down after a while and I found a whiteboard with '\$50 000 000" written on it, left outside, and something else in his scrawling artist's handwriting. I'm not sure if he went to a psych ward or not. Silly man, it doesn't mean anything! None of us means anything to him either, apparently! Fucking numbers. Wonderful, precious numbers. Maybe I will find out more about you.

DOING STUFF WITH STUFF WITH SOME

OTHER PEOPLE (WILD/DRY SPECULATION)

I'm not fucking doing capitalism, don't ask me. That social worker who's paid and eats imported 711 coffee isn't doing capitalism. That teacher paying off their one ordinary mortgage isn't doing it. Neither is your steady-income little community corner store. They're working and existing. Even Colesworth CEO's would not be capitalism if the Fresh Food People wanted Prices Down Down for everybody, ordinary or no, to rejoice equally in glorious and reliable plentitude. Being a capitalist is not exclusively in favour of competition (Communists and anarchists have war and sport, no?) or authority (Communists and anarchists have science, social conventions and leading figures, no?) but, an intense focus on ownership and trade to secure material stability of first yourself or your kin or other half, then to your immediate contacts. Bond, swarm and transform. Convince, coerce, conquer. What does that mean? You are convinced, at first, of your needs and your responsibilities; secondly, you are familiarised with a threat to those; and thirdly, you accept the boundaries of trade and ownership established by strangers. This isn't something you *do* or *are*, this where you begin - more or less. Some of it is inevitability, some of rests on gullibility, and some of it is difficult but requires different thinking and bravery to change.

Ha, we're not all losers here, in a powerful sense of the word. We eat, we have friends, we sleep in beds. Let's skip the losers of capitalism in that sense for now, and the fuzzy rhetoric that we are *all* losers or winners according to health and social statistics. Let's apply some business sense: know your competitor to succeed. Be disciplined. Bit of logic: the convinced, coerced and conquered convince, coerce and conquer by spreading convincing, coercion and conqueredness around them, never ceasing to be convinced, coerced and conquered themselves. Losers, winners, winners, losers. Whichever you choose. Of course you're losers, you work and make sacrifices! Of course you're winners, you work and get payment! Losers, winners! How about that? Compare some old sad quote from somewhere: the more you try, the more you fail. The more you try to incite change in the faceless

hivemind of self-admitted losers, neutrals, the more you showcase your having been inculcated with other people's insular posturing. Hence, your being laughed at and bullied when physical indicators of territory and status are obscured. You are a coward; you let the masses down. You're going to have to think really hard about what's wrong here, or else the masses will average out to an intolerable level of loser-status, enriched by contrast with you the winner. You the loser. They the winners. The degree of their intolerable excess of cynical loser-status is matched by your intolerable excess of overzealous winner-status, and vice-versa. Save us, save yourself. Watch out for the big groups with not much to lose. If you're vying for their territory, make sure you share the wealth, or else this abstract war might end up physical.

LOST AND FOUND PORTION

If you're vying for their capital, make sure you share the wealth with just that right degree of selflessness. *Joie de vivre*, if you can manage it. Fester in solidarity. You'll *tenuously* fester for as long as you're a distinct cross-over figure, having to swab your wounds with expensive disinfectant from time to time to flirt with a ME, ME, WINNER position. Shrink back, be cut back, or demonstrate either an impressively naïve grasp of boundaries or an exceptionally astute grasp of the objective and psychological situation of the festering. No swabs and wincing smiles, there. You're tenuous. Remember every layer. You're not convinced, not coerced, not conquered on the inside. You are convinced, coerced, and conquered on the outside by people convinced, coerced, and conquered on the inside, see?

Basically we're all raised as lesser and that makes us motivated to form little privileged crowds, identities, families, business groups etc. to get stuff we don't need like we're winners, when we're just putting fences up everywhere and holding guns to each other, which is boring and exhausting and your own kids are left with a tiny little cage, fantasising about mass-emancipation but lacking the physical and mental engagement in the rules of the game, so destroying the rules with avatars that annoy the shit out of the big loser grinning winning bullies before they co-opt it. Maybe feed them some more scraps, bit more

breathing space n' they'll respect your feelings. Maybe. Bit more? Bit more? Until you're a true friend. Both get what we want and trade in well-wishing joviality. The stuff never mattered much to the well-fed, just the ideas, the arrogance.

EDUCATIONAL MEDIA

Watching and reading things and shamelessly absorbing inspiration for behaviours is the only exit from the slackness and complacent irony of viewers and critics. If you don't have anywhere else to learn character, you may devolve to a constantly yammering, quote-recycling, recipient of spoon-fed broadcasts/scroll-feeds that show or tell you one thing that's right or wonderful and encourage you to act another way.

A one-sided long-term relationship is where one does not (or cannot) listen to somebody to discerningly feed their sense of purpose, but instead is given a set of pre-formatted options like a parent gives to a child before flittering off to other social engagements in some other place. But it's like that for the rest of your life. Doesn't have to be, though. You can pester your parent for more stuff or you can look at investigating the adult world.

BAD FUCKING LIFE DECISIONS (I JUDGE THEM VERY MUCH) ME ME ME ME ME MY FEELINGS (OR JUST TOO MUCH FOGGY THINKING?)

Bad decisions, bad fucking life decisions every time. You all masturbated together in a semi-explicit masochistic porno that killed a bunch of you and then you seduce me (edit: YEAH I LIKE THAT kind of 'PORNO' RIGHT?), you beautiful self-congratulatory (edit: self-congratulatory? Do I mean self-centred? Wut I dunno not true) actors (what how?), and reveal the extent that you fail to reconcile how you felt in all those moments back in the day and how tragically frail it turned out to be once it burned you (EVIDENCE??), leaving an unsympathetic public and a fragmented, individually lonely support group finding little strength in the haunting past fantasies of exceptionality and camaraderie through degradation... Recycling a perpetual false advertisement, an invitation to the future pulled out from under your nose. I don't care about you, you don't care about me, let's die together like the movies, gonna be sweet... No, sick, sick, sick, show your foundations you little beautiful babies, lost kids picking up pop culture tropes and the dregs of your parents.

No future, you didn't really believe it... You wanna connect with the world, little soldiers reporting for duty. How sad the legacy is didn't deter you, nor what it means for your friends. Were you committed to double suicide? Gonna risk everything and everyone in your battle for *and* against your friends and society, this cruel and exploitative society you ran against *and* reaffirmed in your acceptance of your own dumb, hyper masculine owning-the-world-delusion hedonistic inheritance that made everything seem worthwhile. Ah, you're a conflicted bunch, and so am I. Do I have the strength to cling to what side of you is worthy? Do I have the strength to be anywhere other than the place i've become familiar with, to tolerate the boredom and soul numbing spiritually glutinous plain old conservative comfort I could escape to? You know soul numbing is *your* business too alongside the art of affecting creative product. See, I want to know that you *care*, that you *learned* something from this shit and *did* something with it. How do you do that without decrying your masturbatory juvenile expressions, the long habits and worth of what you used to feel, I don't know (your responsibility). A basic requisite of intimacy is security (edit: I dunno really nah I dunno, how fucking vague is this thing, trying to justify/resolve generalised frustration with a bunch of snooty abstract claims?)(unless I stop giving a shit about everyone else who my existence ensures the security of), and I am trying to have more respect than to give myself to something that cannot be beneficial in the short and/or long term. In the short term pleasures are numbed with the reminder of danger or ultimate dumb shit meaningless anyhow. Even excluding the danger of repetition, which is doubtful to be viable post-youth, even if you become something conventional, relatively safe,

I wanna be part of something with ideals. You are poorly equipped little baby. Maybe steps ahead of most people your age with the authoritative communication and myth-making you've gotten on but I dunno what's deep purpose and understanding and what's posturing? How much of what you do is looking outside like an adult, regarding yourself as equal and acting & speaking with real concern for other people & the better parts of you vs. thrashing around and having some blows land before you burn out? Defensive flailing? Easier to spot in other people. You did a bit better, put it in order a bit, harnessed chaos..

Can't depend on deadened rituals with questionable congeniality/kindness and a sense of romance assumed to have deadened with youth. If your future isn't dead with grief and unresolved dissonance then I wana see that you can be better than that shit. I don't wanna be a nursemaid and/or numbed psych ward buddy seekin sheep 'healthy' life or banally indulgent distraction, vicarious life, living in the shadow of all the fun times you had. I wanna take what you had, but better, hear me, find your lost potential, though, I can never be you, can never get you or be included by this past self inside of you, can never feel the grief though your lost friends have wheedled their way into my psyche though your stories and grief testament to both their capacity to connect with others and the group's flaws, culturally learned and egged on by the most soulful,

damaged, independently minded people in the world, perhaps. International standard, you are. You made, and still make stuff your own. You air your vices, the flaws of everyone in an ultimate wistfully beautiful melodrama/cultural clusterfuck. You're better than me here but fucking foolish sometimes to the point that I question what i'm doing here. I'm denying common sense as a conscious choice. Reason why your songs ring alarm bells in people who are probably neurotic cowards all the same but without a permeating openness and softness/hardness counterpoising it, but who do not semi-consciously hurt others. Your writing and speech is so potentially toxic albeit affectingly honest, sort that shit out. Its masturbatory and gross after a while. Its a temporary process, should be, welding your insides at the oblivious, self-satisfied outsides (edit:ah really what?), picking your scabs. You had nothing, in a sense of the word I had nothing, so we merge into nothing-to-lose lesser-inhibiting constructive/destructive energies, the underground, raw wounds. But you so obviously are dropping with latent potentials and histories, laid into you by natural capabilities and generations of culture and peculiar wisening experiences that this aimlessness makes me restless and brittle. Sure, the overstimulation, the hangover, agitate me somewhat but it eats away. I do love you all. Have to build, though. Show your roots, plant more stuff, heal wounds the right way. You're not psychologically infertile, impotent . Take your rest, grieve and remember, look after each other, try not to be rotten on the inside like I have been out of... uh. Jealousy, fear, and disappointment.

(Should've stayed on my notes on my shit phone, perhaps, what a pep talk/rant there. 10Pt font for more cryptic. Then find better stuff to do. Gave this away, with this ugly piece of writing, drank indiscriminately too, was a charity sucker outside train station, and a bunch of other stuff, which... maybe has been a series of... bad decisions, bad life decisions! Every time...

Lesson: Sometimes you can't fix ambiguity and emo helplessness. It just takes time, grace, acceptance... OK not to know it all. I don't regret being involved in this 'ugly underground' music at all, and this rant set you aside as the bad influencers corrupting my innocence. Yeah, I dunno, no dramas, just needed a disclaimer for this. Imagine if I filled this up with drama, social justice, gossip, not a fuckin gossip rag, this, not about ~my feelings~ from my dumb, sheltered, GC suburbanite, hypochondriac emo perspective, oh it's TAINTED, this zine, OH IT'S OVER, RUINED, SOMEBODY WILL SEE THIS AND GET SAD, OH YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE OH SHIT FUCK I'M PACKING THIS IN GOOD BYE HATE EVERYONE N' ALSO MATT'S LYRICS ARE ALLOWED TO SAY HE HATES EVERYONE SO NYUURJDKSHF oh where, can I slash this zine to a million pieces--- ah yes, sarcasm, the lowest form of wit, I was told, oh, what to do—what to do...≈-----)

UPDATE ON THE CRUMPS



Illustration 1: Donald Crump's new profile picture

Donald Crump has responded to my review and informed me that 'twist' is actually a prison word for a girlfriend. Thank you Donald Crump. Your music has opened discourse – in other words, an involvement in important conversation – that taught people like me a part of the life of lower socio economic disadvantaged like you so we can get a greater awareness of your subcultures. It is quite funny, imagine somebody from prison thinking that Chubby Checker's The Twist was about 'doing' a 'twist'! Donald Crump also used a ;) face, indicating that there is a friendliness and willingness to cross over to internet literate discourse where he may not have computers usually in upbringing. I don't know if he has been in prison or listened to that prison show on 4zzz but he seems to do know his sub culture. I have thought of perhaps, only based on analysis -and it makes me nervous but an assignment was to go past our comfort zones in my psychology course – to make parallel style Face Book account such as Hillarious Clinton or Hill Billy Clinton or McDonald Trump Hungrys, I have been brain storming on paper with a circle drawn in the middle around notes such as that modifying words for different communications is a sub culture practice of subversion that may build negotiating platform. For instant as with youth's groups from the successful churches of suburbs. Others have been, Poorlene Hans-on Money because it is to draw indication to classism, of rich politicians wanting the money, and more of it but being not rich enough and scared that they can be poor and so being mean. Another could

be, to cross between the 'hipster' sub culture BobCattery EccentricHatter for rural and bogan populations. I had sitten for – oops, I was thinking of the word 'kitten' – I had sat for two hours to brain storm for more. Looking for words that rhyme with other words and also are in relation to class and culture is not something easy but it is important to make an effort to understand and experience other cultures and disadvantaged peoples of the community. What is a prison boyfriend called, I am wondering? I would guess it is a 'mist', a 'fist', or a 'bliss' (I do not want to be prejudice and perhaps they do think high of themselves just between themselves and girlfrien- I mean twists or twisties – twizzes? Twizzoes 8-D There is a smiley face for Donald Crump in an emoticon or emoji, text-icon style. Thank you Donald Crump or should I say cheers cunt

UPDATE 2, SORRY, GIRLSUCK, ISUCK

MY sheer superficiality takes me aback. Apologies to Girlsuck for relating them to pop punk (issue 7). God, Kitchen's Floor is more pop punk. You guys are more unsettling, risk-taking, tough-seeming than most of Brisbane. Painted you as pop punk because I'm apparently a sexist and I conflated one catchy song and the style of performance with your entire output. Those things weren't even related to pop punk. Maybe, in a Sky Ferreira or Blondie way? It just seemed that any punk where a girl wields her sexuality and likes Lady Gaga must be kind of pop. I wasn't very scrupulous, because who cares about something being 'pop' nowadays anyway. A bit 'Pop' and a bit 'punk' = excellent, but generally not *pop-punk*. This is just for those people who think of 'pop punk' as in all the simply planned blink and it'll go away in a few years stuff. Girlsuck are not that. I still somehow have not seen them live, by the way. Ah, they are VERY pop in these videos. Bleach blonde in face pop. Styled, self-controlled, wild pop actors counterpoised with raw, and I hear, significantly improvised Piss Pain type brutal songs.

WHAT'S YOUR POST

Be modest. You can start a business, but it's going to blend in and not stand out. Odds are, if you're not already in possession of money or rare

experience then you won't be able to afford rent, let alone proper employees. You want to be so proud of persisting in the game of product sourcing, branding, saving, borrowing and real estate as the little person, but it would be okay if you just didn't do that. Your exuberance is maligned, friend. There's a niggling inside of you if you've had any idea how the outsiders walk the streets, blind to your knick knacks, with access to your world more than a few phone calls and graphic design projects away. I can see your teenage bedroom shining through your high street shop front, and it's somewhat grotesque. Show some hospitality, friend, to the streets kindly tolerating you. You're only a guest, after all. Please keep out the buzzword-laden, excited virtue-pronouncements until you really deserve it. Meaning, being able to attest to meaningful connections you have forged with your products and services well above the dignity of niche-market boutiques and stock-standard essentials stores or underground cultural networks you come from. You run a *store*. The connections go without saying, until you someday have to explain to an outsider who is confronted by your distinct social contribution, the degree of independence or cool image aside. The quiet dignity is in speaking through your hard work – sit and sell, lay low, make your art, lose money if you must. Get angry about it. Give stuff away. Make a show of it when it dies! You never afforded it anyway. Summon volunteers, sincere volunteers, with a case of beer *then. Friends*. What's crowd-sourcing again? When you need it most.

Cowardly 'journalist' turns missed connection into cute confessional tale commenting on lack of connection in the digital age, just manages to make it actually honest

And then fears failing to weave it into anything of literary or poetic appeal, and so treats her own banal experience as worthy of objective journalistic notation.

She walks on to a bus. The last bus, she rigidly sat in the empty disabled seat row overhearing the big bearded motorbike trucker looking bus driver chat to an affable middle aged blonde

woman on her way to a date with a new man. They laugh a lot, it is nice how they can talk about their lives and laugh at everything. I would have joined in the conversation. I wondered what I would say if that thing they said about somebody's new or ex Thai wife was racist, though. But anyhow, I pictured them all outside on a porch drinking beer, being so relaxed and confident with children running around absorbing the free atmosphere of it.

Anyhow. That is not the main part of the story. There were also other details perhaps amusing, such as the bus smelling like piss and this being the reason why she was sitting awkwardly. There are the kinds of banal things the fiction writer includes, yes? Can we not relate to that? Ah, also I asked the bus driver if the bus went to my stop and he said, "Yep, and if you ring the bell I'll stop for you." I did not respond or care. Perhaps that is a good fiction detail also. Perhaps it'll stick in your mind because you are somebody who cannot conceive the possibility of not feeling hurt by a minor joke at their expense. Anyhow, this is boring. This has not countered the boring factual recount. The facts concerning a journalist or any reflective fiction writer who isn't simply a cowardly journalist are those which may be pivotal to some kind of wide-spread important conflict. The side I'm taking is the little cosy introspective writer. But *I am* a journalist. This is my *journal*. Maybe it's just a shit story.

I contributed to the very phenomenon that I am about to decry. I planned this part of the article out in my head, right while I was sitting on the bus, making excuses for why I should not speak to the man who had aroused my curiosity and political optimism. What happened was, there was a very large and affable man preparing to leave the bus, with his slip-on orthopaedic shoes, faded, colourful loose shirts and some kind of relaxed-looking hat. A big, fat impression of, I don't give a fuck about pandering to the lesser social judgements of the general public, but I will confidently project across the bus, "Write to me will ya? [insert address] street Milton. I don't know why the Labor party hasn't made you a politician. Hehe! See ya Matty!" She sat behind Matty, who looked a bit like the Irish guy who got shot at the end of the Titanic. Grinning a quiet, pleased grin. The girl could've politely said

excuse me, I'm really curious about what that was all about, do you write? Are you in politics? And so on. Maybe he'd have been pleased to have a political yarn. Could've learned something. Could've got him to give me news for this publication. Some real news! I could've had a much better story, but I settled for this. Is it alright that I do something and write a guilt piece as a penance? Ooh, you probably resent me here. You wanna sit in silence on the bus, even on a rainy Saturday night. Matty put his earphones in. Imagine if someone had pushed me out of my asocial, daydream bubble. In future I will tolerate the discomfort of doing something slightly different. In future I will break my insularity as an observer. It'll happen eventually. Also, I wasn't sure how much everything around me stank, and how much was me. A girl looked at herself in her phone camera, just like some girls on the last bus did. At least I'm not them. One also pointed a camera out the window and I looked out at a corporate logo in the skyline. International students. Most people seem to belong up there somewhere. Not me any more. I belong to the public, to the street. Nah I belong to the bedroom and a little bit of the street.

BEDROOM'S SUCK?

Your bedroom mentality is an extension of 19th century obsessive categorisation and segregation and explicit systematisation of everything that exists. The private bedroom histories accumulated like archaeological layers are your own non-civilisation (or alt-civilisation) tucked away in a box on a shelf. Your box, or your shelf, or its contents are so precarious in their security and significance that it'll reveal itself as the silly, historically contingent anachronism that it must be. Once, it as a symbol of freedom and social potential. Now, it reminds you of your fractured social life. Smile and remember the good times. What did they leave you, and what did you leave them and all the people to come? I don't even know, they're all tucked away in their own little discriminate sentimentalities, anyhow. Hope you'll be shown some hospitality, friend, because you're going to be a guest in the world when all your things and all your clothes and your little bedroom, your little house, doesn't fit anymore. Wander in the world with greater confidence

again, tickets not alcohol or photos or art but your own mutual social respect. The early nineties took off with a great expression of collective unity but they took it too hard. A big rave bedroom, well done. Give me a hammock and a barbecue. Great space and warmth, here. Price us out, I dare you. Ahh yuck think of all those homeless people with only other *homeless people* as comrades. And don't celebrate it in weirdly pre-occupied, pretentious contrast with the mainstream, hippies, you're just going outside and taking a nap, act like the animals you are. Go, go, you go first...

MUTANT OF A PECULIAR SOCIAL EXPERIMENT

That's what we are. Aren't mutants fascinating? Eyy my brain's bending this way, that, feels kind of good if you're sick or modded in some way hey. Who's gonna look at me like the foot-bound, neck-stretched, ritually scarred person on TV? Look at the audience, too. Little perverse mental scars.

DIE PUPPY SCUM?

"Die X scum" seems to be popping up all over the place. A class that has not gotten this treatment are puppies. It has the same ring as "die yuppie scum". I am not downplaying the class grievances spurning on that jingoism, but rather, I will consolidate it's principle. Dogs are highly empathetic creatures that very often mirror their shitty owners to serve them. Puppies consume resources disproportionate to their worth to the public at large. Puppies yap about nothing of worth incessantly to cover up what is essentially greed. They'll dog you in a second to hump a random passer-by and piss on everything in some way that makes sense to them, and only them. They are granted privileges for lineage and being fluffy, young and pleasant to touch, and that alone. WTF you talking about puppies can't make choices. CLEAN PUPPY SCUM to be dogs of the people. Nice fluffy, wuffy wash suds and.. eeheee stay still ohhh doesn't he look sweet now . I'd never really be violent, would I? Who's aspoied bratr, eh?

DIRECT ACTION THROUGH FINANCIAL IRRESPONSIBILITY ??

The stuff exists and the ticket to it is money, and there's hordes of it ready to take. Max out your credit cards nd welfare payments, kind souls, because we're gonna give gifts on behalf of the keepers of excess. In return they'll get a beautiful card that says thank you, with a photo of the event they sponsored. You just repaid them with something money can't buy. All the money in the bank will be spent, leaving the bank bankrupt, and what they'll have to do will get loans of their own. It's a Kevin Rudd stimulus package. Go and spend it for the economy, for the emergencies. This is, however, a strength in numbers operation, unless you're some Robin Hood. The bank taxer. Income re-distributor. Social nurse.

Get wealthy people to start a tax deductible charity for paying debts off, or just employ you to be some kind of vague appendage to their business, because employees are tax deductible too, right? Tax deductible means, that you pretty much allocate government money to a designated charity or commercial asset, right? No, no the way it works is that, the money flows back and forth a bit more in a wand waving ritual. It is like abstract expressionism, so, the person with the quantity of abstracted symbol of goods and services makes a swishy proud little gesture indicating that it is theirs, that they have stuff in the abstract that they earned, and then, they point to somebody who gives a gesture of gratitude and, then the govt. person reels in money while money person had furrowed brow. Charity person is smiling bemusedly. Bunch f charity cases linger around behind them. Then, govt gives some money back, money person smiling. Charity cases periodically walk up to beg money person and are shoed away. Beckoned to charity. Govt. hands out little portions, looking at money person self-consciously. Also, money person is stuffing brioche buns and energy balls in their face. And drugs, and coffee. They throw the energy balls at the charity people sometimes, cause I dunno this metaphor is I dunno preformatted common sense or something. Do you, relly, really, understand this odd world we live in? Sure you're looking to me, to know how the world works. Got the anarcho socialist possibly-marxist contextual-liberal conservative-for-conserving-good-things badges and literacy going on. I'm in your section somewhere. It's just

fine, this place we live in, most of the time. You just do commerce and get it as your do it, you know. Oh, but this isn't common sense I'm talking about. Esoteric money wizardry. I do not think we have summoned enough chaotic magic to yet run into battle without a secure inventory. Amass forces, comrades. Study the ancient historical scrolls. Pay heed to your folk wisdom. If any exists. I fear somebody will drunkenly recall this article and ensnare themselves in debt, without having developed any ability to maximise social return. We are barren minds, much of the time. Anyhow, some other kind of metaphor for something is that we're living on borrowed authority. How do you borrow authority? I could go on about how I haven't slept enough or that I'm a perfectionist and that that is the reason why I am not making enough real, concrete sense but that would not be honest. It might be true but it's not honest, because it's borrowed authority from somewhere and I haven't earned it. Lots of other people go on about stuff like that in the reflective articles, like the one below this article. What borrowed authority means is, that you've taken a bunch of signs and symbols from people who earned creative or social dignity in the past and you haven't fronted up to anything that makes you earn your own. You don't 'repay' your forerunners by reproducing their stuff, exactly. If you can successfully choose to reject their stuff, they either left you bountiful or you've earned what you've got. Congratulations, you gave back. A catch for us is that, we don't have borrowed authority at all if we don't wield it for any control. The little I've got is being picked at and scribbled on, rearranged like money, arguments refined, magic swords wielded at the edge of my peasant field, my barnyard, in offering to a prince or warrior in exchange for other spells and protection. What if, though, I mean, this sounds a bit insane and I may unpack this into concrete, technical, objective terms some day, because perhaps I can do better than to neglect the people who cannot remotely glean a useful perspective shift from quasi-schizophrenic-seeming thinking-out-loud – what if, these magic things I am wielding aren't real? There you go, you rigid, literal, objective types. Do you believe me? Nah I don't want to hear your unpacking of semantics, like your observation that ideas and communicative devices are real, and also *not*

real, and oh you make my head hurt and put this down because you're writing a lot of nonsense no-one needs AND you're beyond being a smartarse even, because you are being serious to an extent nd I can handle a smart-arse whipping but this, abuse of language? When you're not even trying to lie? I just can't see what's in it, and what's more, you want me to sit here and listen to you and pain my little head over something when there are spells- ah I mean, coherent writings with more psychic- psychological sway. Of course your magic isn't real. Magic is what we call a bunch of words and veritably dead material rituals that have effect on the world only in that a bunch of people allow their behavior to be influenced by it.

Soap operas with less nuance and more jargon

You are great, you are fine. Only, something is in your way. You want one thing: to live your merry life like everybody else. Here is just one thing in the way, though, always one thing, maybe a cluster of similar things. You will feel very smart, too-

It happened to somebody

They got sprayed with deodorant by a stranger on the way back from a night out, on the bus. Jokes and segues coming off that little story feel tacky. The point here is to write not, mere recounts of things that have been on my mind lately because there are often many distractions. Distractions from what, I can't exactly pin down right now, and if I did rationally outline the goals of this, it would likely be self-defeating. What is more certain is what I should keep pushing away from writing about, or, a style of thinking and expression that brings to mind the difference between vigorously scratching letters into a rock or using a finger to write bubble-like letters in a slab of concrete. This is scribbling or lightly stepping in a wet slab. Accidentally leaning my hand in it sitting on a nature strip. Effortlessly subversive like that. This is not anything that has been on my mind that could have been written about. There were plenty of sensible or interesting things I could have written about that have been occupying my mind and appeared interesting. Why I don't want to tell you about them, is because you don't need them to be your

business. That is because they are crap business, very ordinary ambitions and addictions of the thought-pattern kind. They are personal interests.; a narrow focus on some particular thing that is pleasant to focus on. This writing is for public interest, of course, though this may have a lesser chance at publicity than personal interests. This is the workings of my mind, though I am not writing about personal intellectual development. There is intellect generating words here, but they are not clear in purpose. It is close to nothing at all. There we have it, a starting point.

I am being – I was going to say 'obsequious' – oblique for a reason. Obsequious is a different word. Looking up the meaning of a word I was unsure of perhaps compromises this writing but it is okay to say a thing that is dumb and numbly self-observant sometimes. It can be part of improvisation, though it feels like a kind of rehearsal. I – I haven't slept. Feel the social juices flowing. Me talking to you. No, me talking to somebody I have to answer to, or somebody who would be interested in my personal interests. A zine is a personal interest, right, but you can see it's different. Different to what? What are the 'distractions'? Doesn't that sound awful? Everything that is not this writing is a 'distraction'? A bit arrogant. I feel those last two sentences might be a bit of a 'clever' play on words that I wrote just because of writing being a focused thing and it had continuity, rationally, somehow. Same with that last sentence too, perhaps. Do you want me to tell you something? How are you supposed to know what righteous author myself identifies as distractions? Will she not disgrace her precious wall of text with the tackiness of the distractions named and shamed? Is she just a coward who knows much less than she makes out?

Yes. And no, because there's not much reason for me to mention the distractions. If this is smart-assery, listing the ideas and indulgences that I have decided fell through for a reason would be some more cretinous form of that. Perhaps somebody with a common personal interest would be interested. They are even mostly personal interests related to the public benefit and not even bad ideas. They just have not found their place in my life that doesn't feel like a

recurring, naïve, escapist dream. I'm gonna say them. What are these things that cast big clouds over my life, big pastel neon clouds? What are these seedy, sweet, fragmented indictments of wasted time?

Here are some. It is a good idea for a book to be available of all of the useful things I have learned to make my life easier. I just haven't done it because it feels much better to be writing this thing. Another recurring idea is recipe books for when you have no money. It could even be a satire on snooty advocates of budgeting for poor people. That didn't feel right either. They are not bad ideas, they just seem *too* right, too excited business idea-like. Easy. Another misapplication of my brain is thinking up new recipes and menus that are doubtful to add any ease or profound purpose in my life except for plain hospitality, which doesn't need fancy new things to be kind. This is a silly game and a seduction of the Entrepreneur world. Experimental writing is more practical, I mean sensible in financial terms and social terms. Unless you have –

Ah, I am lost. Cull this thing.

This has always been lost though, more or less. Every one past has been a struggle of self-criticism and wariness of wrongness of spirit leaking through. A little token will shine through, yes? I am on a diet of wholesome media and true human interactions for a little while...

NONE OF THAT DOT, DOT, DOT
NONE OF THAT, "NO MORE DOT DOT DOT", bash the weasel game, yes? BASH THE WEASEL BASH MACHINE BASH THE BASHER BASH BASH BASH nah lol

thanks for hanging in there

